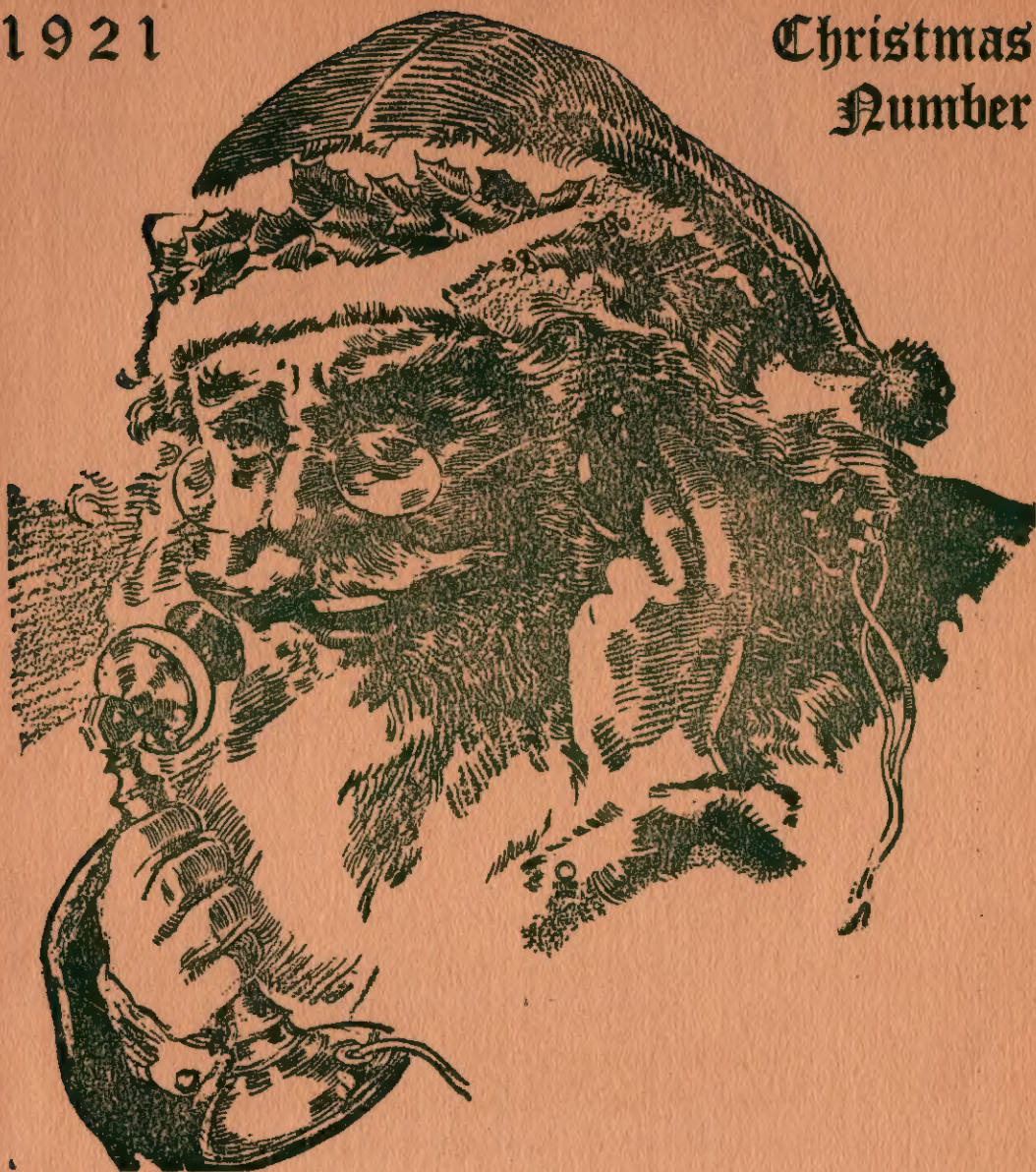


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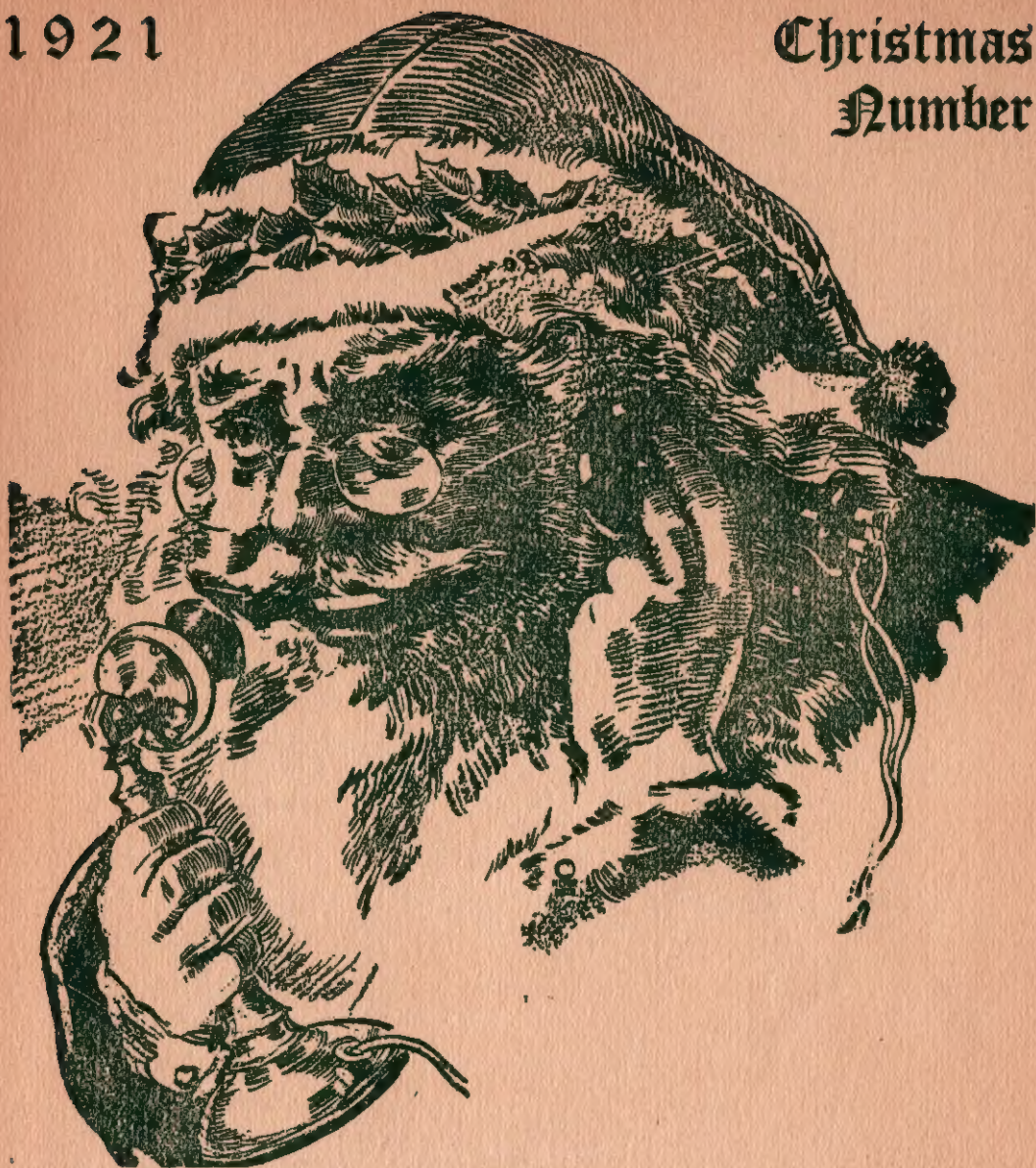
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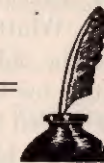
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EDITORIALS

The Spirit of Christmas

"Ye jollie Yuletide" is here again, with its joy and jollity, its fetes and festivals, and its infatuating gayety. Christmas should be celebrated with the true Christmas spirit,—the spirit of Good Will. Put aside all cares and worries and plunge, with carefree mind, into the Christmas festivities. But let us not be so wrapped up in our own happiness as to forget that of others;—let us consider the less fortunate ones; let us give them all possible help.

This done, we have rightfully used the Christmas spirit; and can say, "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone!"

The Passing of a Hero

The memory of the World War, in all its tragedy and disaster, was recently brought back to us, showing us again the hideousness of war.

The death of Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, who was a "model and inspiration to every man," has renewed the old pains caused by wars. His courage, endurance, patience and sympathy for his fellow-soldiers showed his loyal devoted spirit. As a soldier he never spared himself; as a citizen, he labored incessantly for the good of others; and finally his sensitive mind was overwhelmed by the memories of the sufferings of others.

He chose a fitting grave,—the boundless, majestic ocean, where pounding waves sing dirges above him.

R. Parker '22.

Peace at Last

Seven hundred years of war in Ireland are ended. The "Irish Free State" is assured. Ireland gets a government like that of Canada. Ulster may or may not remain a part of Great Britain. The great pity is that this could not have come before thousands of Irish and other British were killed in the Civil War of the last five years.

Herrera Overthrown

Last April Herrera drove out the dictator who had ruled Guatemala for forty years. The chief work of Herrera has been to make Guatemala a State in the Confederation of Central America. Herrera was overthrown by a revolution that seems to be against the Central American union. This will test the stability of the new Confederacy.

Navy Reduction

England is no longer mistress of the seas. By the Limitation of Armament Congress' agreement the navies of Great Britain and America will be equal. The navy of Japan is to be three-fifths of our own naval strength.

The Far East

Great Britain, France and Japan have expressed their willingness to give up most of their concessions in China. Japan, however, is faced with the problem of disposing of her surplus population, and the use of North China for that purpose seems inevitable.

Taxation

Because of the heavy income tax more and more capital is being invested in State and Municipal securities, the income from which is not subject to Federal taxation. The only remedies, and the matter is serious, are a constitutional amendment permitting the taxation of State and Municipal securities, or a lowering of the rate of tax on large incomes.

The Canadian Elections

The elections in Canada early this month resulted in a sweeping victory for the Liberals. The victorious party stands for a low tariff and closer financial union with the United States.

An Indian Tragedy

Another Black Hole Horror occurred recently in India when sixty-four bandits confined in a railroad car were suffocated. The one redeeming feature of the matter is that the outlaws deserved a far worse fate.

C. K. Shipton '21.

Tagging

On Saturday, the twenty-sixth of November, I went tagging for the Salvation Army with a number of other Campfire Girls. In some ways it was a very interesting task and in many aspects very amusing while in other ways it was distinctly disagreeable. If you remember it was a cold, snowy day and my hands were stiff with cold and my feet soaking wet when I turned in my money at the Salvation Army Hall. But the fun of selling tags outweighed the disagreeable, physical features.

It is extremely worth-while to go tagging just for the opportunity of studying human nature. There were all sorts of people out. First of all, and to me they seemed most numerous, were the beautiful ladies in fur coats who, when I first saw them, were strolling slowly along the street, but who, as soon as they spied me, almost began to run. If I attempted to stop them in their hasty flight by a request that they buy a tag, they invariably replied, "Oh, dearie, I'm in an awful hurry. I've got to catch a train" or "Not now, sweetheart, wait until I get some change." (I never saw any of the latter again.)

Just opposite to these were the old ladies in rather shabby suits, who, if I forgot to ask them, asked me and gave me fifty cents.

Then there were the silly, fatuous, young men who thought themselves regular lady-killers and who requested that I pin a button on them. Oh, how I detested them! They were the ten cent kind, but if one sweetly left it to their generosity as to how much they should give they might put eleven cents in the box.

The funniest one, though, was he who put a dollar bill in my box and expected me to give him change. I didn't. But I almost had to run away to keep from laughing at him when I saw his face, when he didn't get his change.

The one that made me most angry, however, was the one who snatched a tag out of my hand and dropped a penny in my box.

* * * * *

The following Monday, I went after Red Cross memberships. From thirty families I received ten memberships. Isn't that remarkable? But such is life.

E. K. Huthsteiner.

Christmas Day

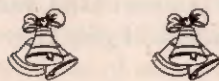
A solemn stillness seemed to hover
O'er the woods one winter morning,
O'er the fields and brooks and hillsides,
And the eastern sky adoring;
Rosy clouds foretold the advent
Of another Christmas Day.

Then the woods seemed to awaken,
All the wild-fold and the wee-fold,
All the birds and beasts and fishes,
From the pine tree to the hemlock
Came the murmur, "Oh, awaken,
Wake and welcome Christmas Day."

"Merry Christmas" chimed the church bells,
"Merry Christmas" came the echo,
From the friendly neighboring hillsides,
While the maple, birch, and willow
Made the answer, lowly bowing,
"This is Happy Christmas Day."

So it is upon this planet,
All the animals and people
Send out greetings to each other.
Send out greetings from the steeple,
From their hearts to one another,
Love untold on Christmas Day.

Rachael P. Barnes '22.



Christmas in the Country

Christmas in the country was the greatest event in the year. First came the Christmas at school. Preparations would begin soon after Thanksgiving. Everyone, from the five-year-olds to the eighth graders would make decorations for the school room and the tree. Colored bits of paper were linked together like chains and hung gaily in the little room from corner to corner, gay cornucopias were made, Santa Clauses with bright red coats danced in the windows, while reindeer dashed from the walls in unexpected places.

Songs were practised, and poems rehearsed. Simple gifts, such as blotters and calendars were made and little invitations cut in shape of Santa Claus, were carefully carried to mother, father and all the neighbors.

The "big boys" went up in the woods after the tree, the "big girls" gathered running pine for trimming and the smaller ones strung pop-corn.

Finally the day arrived. How perfectly dazzling the tree was when covered with the trimmings and presents. How beautiful the room looked and how teacher's face shone when it was packed with visitors.

Every mother was loudly cautioned "to hang up the Baby's stocking."

The walls echoed with—

The air is full of mystery
And secrets are awing,
And if you happen on one,
Don't tell a single thing!

Then hark! Sleighbells! In would come Santa with a "Merry Christmas" for all. He would call for helpers, and what a scramble! Soon dolls, drums, books, bears, games, puzzles, pictures, tops, handkerchiefs, knives and candies were distributed so that not a one went away without something to remember the gala occasion.

Before this excitement had worn thin, every youngster in town was teasing to go to the Sunday School Christmas. So, after being dressed up in their best clothes, preferably new, they were bundled into a sleigh and away to the church.

What fun it was to march down the aisle and feast your eyes upon that tower of magnificence, the Christmas tree! How your knees felt when your name was called and you had to walk way up on the platform and speak your piece! But oh, the joys when Santa came in, the same jolly old Santa! He knew that you had been eyeing that candy and soon you had a box of it under your arm, an orange in your pocket, and some presents to take to mother to hold for you.

What matter if you did sleep all the way home, didn't you expect to get up early the next morning?

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" In half an instant you were out of bed, bundled in your bathrobe and slippers, and rushing down stairs to see the tree. Santa must have had his pack full when he came down your chimney. Childhood's dreams were fulfilled, and there were gifts that had not even been thought of. Breakfast was forgotten. How anxious you were to try the new sleds, to play the new games, to dress the new dolls, and to form an ear-splitting band. How the tree sparkled and smiled every time you stopped long enough to look at it!

All too soon, mother's "Come children, it's time to get ready to go to Grandpa's" put an end to your play. But the anticipation of a bountiful Christmas dinner, of seeing and playing with all the cousins, and of another tree in the afternoon, was sufficient to get you started on another long sleighride to grandfather's house.

The horses trotted briskly along, the snow creaked under the runners, and the bells tinkled merrily. Of course you had to have the story of how the bells came from Canada many years before, and how the Spring came so soon that the men had to go back in carts, and so left the bells.

What a warm welcome awaited you, and what fun you had before dinner with your cousins! And the dinner! Oh, how you wished you were made of rubber! But more was to come.

A tree is a beautiful thing, a Christmas tree is a wonderful thing, and no two Christmas trees are alike; each one holds a multitude of delights, each one is a field of adventure in itself, and each one invariably calls for Ohs, and Ahs, from childish lips.

Surprise after surprise! How could childish hearts comprehend the full meaning of Christmas? How could childish minds remember to say the polite, well bred "Thank you" for each new addition to the bountiful array of presents already accumulated? Isn't the face the mirror of the soul, and couldn't aunts and uncles and grandmothers read joy in every eye, mirth in every dimple, and happiness and gratitude in every smile?

The ride home was a jolly one, for there was so much to talk about, and so many plans to make for the morrow.

Every year you said the same thing. "Oh, this has been just the very happiest Christmas that I have ever lived!"

Rachael P. Barnes '22.

The Doctor and the Doll

At the age of twenty-eight, Lawrence Holt was apparently a failure. His mother and father had social prestige, and Lawrence might have become one of the richest doctors in New York, but he spent his time in his laboratory studying and working on an intricate little instrument. His father, a judge, was inclined to believe that the years he had spent in college were wasted, and that he had mechanical rather than medical talents; but his mother trusted in his

ambition, and was sure that some day he would be a success. So Lawrence continued his laboratory work, spending every day, and a great part of the night perfecting his invention.

The day before Christmas he worked harder than usual, and by nightfall the task to which he had set himself was finished: his invention was ready to be tried. It lay on a table in a small box, a bright bit of steel. Near it was a clipping from a medical journal which Lawrence had read hundreds of times:

"There is a kind of dumbness, caused by a stoppage of the vocal chords which can be cured; but the necessary operation is so delicate that few surgeons have ever attempted it, and none with success. Several instruments have been made which are supposed to perform the operation thru the mouth, but these have been of practically no use."

Lawrence picked up the box in which lay his invention.

"They've all failed but you," he said, much as lover of horses would say to his favorite, "and you haven't been given a trial yet. Maybe someday . . ." He loved to imagine his tomorrow, like every human being. He could see the greatest doctors in the world using his invention, and the medical profession acclaiming him a master surgeon. Then he would have satisfied his father and fulfilled his mother's prophecy,—then he would be a success!

It was eight o'clock on Christmas Eve when he left the laboratory. He ate a light supper, and, having a headache, decided to go for a walk. He knew that his father was at the night-court, the regular judge being ill. So he bade his mother good-night and set out for the courthouse.

It was bitter cold, and snow was falling. The wind shrieked and moaned among the buildings. But Lawrence was happy, and, unmindful of the raw weather, he whistled gaily as he walked along the street.

* * * * *

The night-court is an odd place. There are brought the prowlers of the night who disobey the law in some slight way, and they are tried as soon as they are arrested. It is a motley, cosmopolitan assembly, and the cases are just as motley in variety.

Lawrence sat at the high desk with his father, a novelty which he enjoyed immensely. He listened to the various complaints with more attention than the judge, who had a headache and merely said: "Thirty days. Take him away. Ho hum. Next!"

Finally a prisoner was brought in who was so extraordinary as to awaken the judge from his more or less comfortable lethargy. He was a middle-aged man, plainly dressed, and wore a large overcoat. There was something unusual in his face, which looked like the product of an artist's brush.

"What's the charge?" the judge asked.

A stalwart policeman answered him.

"Stealin', your honor, stealin' on Christmas Eve!" he said.

"Well, well," the judge mused, "what did he steal?"

"This!" exclaimed the officer, holding up a beautiful doll, fully three feet high. The prisoner looked at it wistfully.

"Um, um," murmured the Judge, "how much is it worth?"

This time he was answered by a little, wizened face man.

"Thirty-five dollars!" he exclaimed.

The prisoner started. "I didn't think it was worth that much," he told the Judge.

"Silence!"

There was not a sound in the court-room save for the ticking of the huge clock on the wall.

"What's your name?" the Judge asked.

"John McKay."

"Ever been in court before?"

"No."

"Um, um. I'll look up your record. Then you're not a professional crook?"

The man paled a little. "I am not!" he exclaimed.

"Oh Judge," the little, wizened-face man interrupted. "I t'ink he is! I know he is! The way he done it! Slick? Vell, I'll say so. He picked up this doll, and looked it all over and asked how much. An' then all of sudden he says, 'Where's my little girl? She must 'a' gone around this corner.' Chust then the elevator come up, an' the door was opened, and this crook put the doll inside his overcoat and stepped in the elevator and was gone—quick, like that. But the p'leeceman—"

"Yes," affirmed the stalwart guardian of the law. "I saw him, his big coat bulgin' out and I thought I saw a little ribbon. I knew he was a crook. I could see it in his face. He even—"

"Silence!" roared the Judge. Then he turned to the prisoner. "Why did you steal this doll?" he asked.

"Well," the prisoner began. "Nanny wanted one. She's dumb, Nanny is, —can't talk. So I—"

"Can't talk?" Lawrence burst out, forgetting he was in court, "maybe—"

"Silence!" his father ordered.

The prisoner continued: "I told her I'd get her a doll, one that talked."

"Go on," said the Judge.

"—And I did," said the prisoner, shortly.

"Almost," the policeman added, "if I weren't there, no doubt ye would have it safe home by now!"

There was another silence and the prisoner took advantage of it to plead that the Judge wouldn't be too hard, because it was Christmas Eve, and besides, he had done it for Nanny.

"Well," said the Judge, finally, "I'll have to fine you twenty-five dollars. Pay or go to jail for three days. If it wasn't Christmas Eve I'd give you three months!"

"But I haven't any money," the prisoner cried, "if I did I'd have bought Nanny a doll."

"Pay or go to jail," the gruff Judge repeated.

"I'll have to go to jail, then," said the prisoner.

"No, you won't either!" Lawrence interrupted again, and his father became impatient.

"Lawrence," said the Judge, sternly, "this is court. I'm the judge. You are only a listener. If you interrupt again—"

"Dad," said Lawrence, "I'm going to pay the fine."

"You?" his father exclaimed.

"Yes, I'll pay it," answered Lawrence. "Then this man is going to take me to Nanny and—I'm going to cure her!"

"Why, Lawrence—"

But Lawrence and the prisoner had vanished. Moreover, the doll was gone. On the Judge's desk were twenty-five dollars. In the wizened-faced man's hand were thirty-five more, of which the policeman claimed five. And Lawrence and the prisoner were speeding up Broadway in a taxi.

They stopped at the Holt manor to get some necessary articles, then away they sped to a dirty little alley two miles away. They alighted from the auto, and hurried into the house, which was a dark, dingy hovel. There was a small boy sitting by the kitchen stove.

"Where's Helen and Tom?" the man asked.

"Gone out," answered the boy. "They're workin' Macey's and—"

"Shut up!" the man shouted, threateningly. "You little fool!"

The boy slunk away into a corner, and the man stood by the fire, thinking.

"Let's hurry," said Lawrence. "Where's Nanny?"

The man led the way into a small bedroom, where a child lay asleep. Her face was more beautiful than the doll's, Lawrence thought. He took off his hat and coat and opened his satchel.

"I'll want a table with a clean sheet over it," he told the man, "and some hot water. Quick!"

The man hesitated. Then he said, "You're goin' to operate,—to cut Nanny?"

"No," Lawrence replied, "it isn't necessary. I'll just have to give her a little ether to keep her asleep. When she wakes up she'll talk!"

"I—don't—like—it," said the man slowly. "Leave her alone, and get out!"

"Get out?" Lawrence exclaimed. "Don't be foolish. If I go I take the doll. Besides, I paid the fine and kept you from jail. You ought to let me, after doing that for you and buying the doll for Nanny."

The man was convinced by this argument and told Lawrence to go ahead. "But I can't see Nanny hurt," he said. "I'll wait in the kitchen. Tommy'll get what you want."

So in the dingy room, by the flickering and dull light of a gas jet, Doctor Lawrence Holt performed his operation. There was no immaculately clean operating room, with a brilliant light and every convenience. No operating-table, no sterilized instruments, no groups of white-garbed nurses, no attending surgeons,—Lawrence worked alone, and the boy helped him as much as he could.

It was half-past eleven when the doctor, mopping his face with a handkerchief, announced to Tommy that the operation was finished. The boy ran to

tell his father, and the doctor sank into a chair to await Nanny's return to consciousness.

Fifteen minutes later the girl opened her eyes. Her father stood nearby with the talking doll. Seeing it, her eyes sparkled and she reached out her hands for it. Then came a little mumbling, and Nanny was startled. She tried again, and this time she mumbled louder.

"She talks!" the father shouted in ecstasy.

Doctor Lawrence Holt dismissed the taxi driver, and took a trolley car to Broadway. There he got off and hurried to tell his father that he had made good,—that he was a success!

The distant chimes of some church were ringing.

"Silent night

Holy night—"

Lawrence was happy. He had accomplished his life's work; and—Nanny could talk.

Perhaps it was a coincidence that brought Lawrence and Nanny's father together in the night court, perhaps a miracle, which sometimes occurs on Christmas Eve. Who can tell?

Edw. Hickey.

The Mysterious Stranger

It was the week before Christmas! Oh, what a thrill of excitement comes over everyone in every part of the world at Christmastime! Whether it be a large city or a small country town the same Christmas spirit enters into it and every person puts aside everything else for the celebration of this greatest of days.

The little town of Riverdale, with its two hundred inhabitants was no exception. Everybody in Riverdale was eagerly looking forward to the one big celebration of the year, namely the Christmas celebration in the town hall. What good times everyone always had at this festivity! There was a huge Christmas tree trimmed with candles and decorations, and a Santa Claus for the children, and a dance afterwards for the older folks.

I say that everyone was looking forward to this celebration but that is not quite true for there was one exception! The one exception was a man, a stranger in the town! Usually, when a stranger came into Riverdale, twenty-four hours afterwards every man, woman and child in the place knew his life history and could recite it backwards or forwards. This stranger, however, was a mystery to everyone. The only thing they knew about him was that his name was Mr. Greene, and it was now almost two months since he had become a resident of Riverdale. But there is a lot more to add to the story of Mr. Greene.

Riverdale was made up mostly of poor farmers, but two years before this story begins an artist had come to Riverdale, built a huge house with beautiful grounds around it, and had lived there a year. Then he died, and it was this Mr. Greene who had bought his house. Two months before Christmas he moved in

with his one man servant, and the only time he had been seen on the street was the night he had moved in. Mrs. Scyler had met him on the street and accordingly had run all the way home to tell her next door neighbor about him. By the next morning, many strange stories had circulated about the appearance of Mr. Greene. However, after this bit of excitement had died down and nothing more was seen or heard of Mr. Greene, the ladies of the "Riverdale Sewing Circle" felt that it was their duty to make a call upon him and make him feel at home in Riverdale. Accordingly a committee of three ladies was appointed to attend to this most important duty. On the afternoon planned for the call the three ladies, clad in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes," solemnly betook themselves to the house of Mr. Greene. Imagine their consternation and also their indignation when the servant came to the door and informed them that Mr. Greene didn't care to see anyone in Riverdale! There never was a more exciting meeting of the "Riverdale Sewing Circle" than on the next afternoon when the committee reported concerning this call. Before the week was out there was not one member of the circle who had not been to the house of the new resident and been received in the same manner. Each woman secretly hoped that she alone might have the honor of a call upon Mr. Greene, for it certainly would be an honor if she succeeded. But no one succeeded, so each one kept her call a secret or tried to. But alas! Everyone in Riverdale knew that every woman had failed in her attempt to call on the popular Mr. Greene. Did I say popular? Indeed it was true. There never was a more-talked-of person in Riverdale than Mr. Greene.

Now, however, even Mr. Greene had been put aside, for the town was making preparations for Christmas. This new stranger no longer was the most important concern for the Riverdale Sewing Circle to worry over, and so for a time at least Mr. Greene was put out of everyone's thought.

Here again there was one exception. Next to Mr. Greene, the most-talked-of person of Riverdale was Mary Jane Rice, an orphan of ten years, who was being brought up by an elderly spinster of the village. With all this good lady's bringing up Mary Jane was the "village cut-up." She was like the little girl who had the little curl; when Mary Jane was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad, nobody in Riverdale knew what she would do next. Consequently, certain mothers strictly forbade their daughters to associate with that bad girl, and so Mary Jane in a few select families was a sort of outcast. Nevertheless, the child was good-natured and tried to be good, but somehow or other every once in so often she had a naughty streak. Being left alone by the other children, she had a great deal of time in which to think and her thoughts were wide and varied. The subject of Mr. Greene especially interested her—even more than Christmas. At each annual Christmas festival, the children avoided her, so Christmas didn't interest her greatly. Consequently, when the other residents put the subject of the mysterious stranger aside Mary Jane kept thinking of him. Why did he keep himself shut up in that big house? Why wasn't he sociable? Would he have a Christmas tree? Did he have any relatives? Where had he come from? Why had he come to Riverdale, at all? And suddenly the biggest and best idea of all popped into Mary Jane's head. Wouldn't it be

perfectly great if she, Mary Jane Rice, could really make a call on the gentleman and persuade him to come to the Christmas sociable. But then, maybe Mr. Greene didn't like little girls. She had heard the grown folks say all sorts of things about him, but she had never heard them say that he didn't like little girls. Just suppose he did? Maybe he was a man who didn't like grown folks like her Aunt Jennie, for instance, but did like little girls? Here Mary Jane laughed. She remembered the day Aunt Jennie had gone to call on the stranger. Aunt Jennie had curled her hair the night before and spent the entire morning "primping." She had become extremely nervous all the morning and had broken two cups while washing the dinner dishes. She had asked Mary Jane about two dozen times if she looked all right and naughty Mary Jane had said yes, not telling her aunt that she had too much powder on her nose. Aunt Jennie had gone and had come back about as mad as any woman could ever be. She had sent Mary Jane to bed without any supper for inquiring if she had had a nice time.

Mary Jane kept putting her own visit off until now it was the week before Christmas. If Mary Jane was to act she must act promptly! One thing encouraged her. A wonderful thing had happened. Mr. Greene's servant had gone away. She had seen him walking towards the station with a grip. Now Mr. Greene would have to answer his own doorbell. Just suppose he didn't. A wicked little twinkle appeared in Mary Jane's right eye. She quickly raced up to her room and donned her Sunday clothes (Mary Jane's aunt was helping at the townhall). Then she went to Aunt Jennie's work basket and got a pin and started on a run for the "big house."

She rang the doorbell. Nobody came, just as Mary Jane had suspected. Mary Jane took the pin and stuck it in the doorbell. Then nervously she put her finger in her mouth and waited. Five minutes—nothing happened. Mr. Greene must have awfully good nerves! Three minutes—a door slammed somewhere in the house. Mary Jane was so frightened she almost ran away. No, she wouldn't, she had gotten so far and she wouldn't be a coward now. Four minutes—someone was running downstairs. Five minutes—the door opened and a man of about forty years, with an angry scowl appeared. At the sight of Mary Jane he scowled all the more, until suddenly he stopped scowling, and a sad, sweet smile spread over his countenance. Mary Jane was so astonished she couldn't speak. Oh, if she could only run, but her legs refused to move. What should she do? She had expected a sound scolding and here was this stranger, smiling at her. Then Mr. Greene looked at the pin in the doorbell and burst out laughing. Mary Jane laughed too, and felt more at her ease. She found her voice.

"Please don't scold me," she pleaded, "but you see I just had to see you and I couldn't make you come to the door any other way, so I just stuck a pin in your doorbell to make it keep on ringing."

Mary Jane made such a pretty picture, standing there, pleading for the stranger not to scold her, that even the most heartless individual could not have scolded her.

"Why, my little maid, I do forgive you as it was all my fault for not answer-

ing the bell. Come right in and let's talk this business over, and maybe you and I can strike a bargain."

So the most popular man in Riverdale held out his hand to the shaking little village cut-up. Mary Jane took it, and together they entered the big house.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve. The town of Riverdale was gathered in the town hall. The night was full of surprises for this little audience. In the first place, one surprise was the Christmas tree. Instead of the candles and old decorations the tree was ablaze with hundreds of little electric lights and wonderful new decorations! Nobody knew a single thing about it except that the expressman had left many huge packages at the town hall on the day before. The packages were sent from one of the large stores of New York City and all that was said on the tag was "From Santa Claus to the people of Riverdale."

Another surprise was that nobody knew who was to be Santa Claus. The man who had done it for the last ten years had said he was getting too old to act the part, and nobody else had volunteered to do it. But just at the moment the committee were about to give up the Santa Claus performance, Mary Jane Rice had broken in upon the dazed committee and declared that she had found a perfectly wonderful Santa Claus. The tired committee, almost at their wit's end had finally promised to let Mary Jane's Santa Claus play the part, and no further questions were asked. Now a hushed and quiet audience was waiting the arrival of Santa Claus.

Presently a strange and unfamiliar voice hollered out, "Hello, little folks! Merry Christmas, big folks!" and Santa Claus entered almost buried under his huge pack.

The little folks gave a squeal of delight, and the older folks looked from Santa Claus to one another, trying without success, to find out who was Santa Claus.

"Now my little folks, I suppose you are wondering what I have brought you in my huge sack. I am so tired out from carrying it that I am not going to make any speech to you tonight, but I am going to ask Mary Jane Rice to come up here and help me distribute these presents."

A very happy and flushed Mary Jane helped Santa Claus. Here came surprise number three. In addition to giving each child some candy and an orange as Santa Claus usually did, this Santa Claus gave to each one a really and truly gift, big dolls for the girls and trains for the boys. The older people were not forgotten either. Each one received a nice linen handkerchief. When all the gifts were distributed Santa Claus spoke again.

"There, my little folks, all my pack is gone and everyone is happy. Now you little folks, run home and go right to bed and you'll probably receive some more presents while you're asleep. Anyway, be good children until I come again next year. As for you older folks, I have something to say to you, when the little ones have gone."

The little children, tired and happy, went home. When the hall was quiet again Santa Claus arose and took off his false face, and then there was surprise number four! Santa Claus was Mr. Greene! The audience, at first, too dazed

for words, looked at Mr. Greene and suddenly started to applaud. What a din in the town hall! There had never before been anything equal to it in Riverdale.

"Wait a moment, friends," yelled Santa Claus, or now Mr. Greene, "before you applaud me I have a few apologies to make to some of the ladies in this town, who are members of the Riverdale Sewing Circle. But first I am going to tell you a little story, the story of my life, with your permission. I was born, the only son of a rich miner in the West. My father made a lot of money in mining, and after a few years we moved to New York City and built a beautiful home. I had everything I wished for as an only child always has, and too much to do me any good. I went through my early life seeing only the bright side of it with no cloud to dim it. The year I graduated from college I married. Wedded life was the same, one great joy and no sorrows. After a few years we had a little daughter, the sunshine of our home. I fairly worshipped the child and I was about the happiest man alive. But sunshine cannot always fill one's life. Days of darkness and rain are sure to come. So far my life had been as happy as anyone could ever wish. Then came the downpour! I was called West on business. While there my home burned to the ground, and my wife and daughter perished in the flames."

Here Mr. Greene's voice trembled and it was several minutes before he could go on.

"Then I did the most foolish thing a man could ever do. Thinking my sorrow too deep to bear, and that life would be days of darkness thereafter, I gave up my business, took my one faithful servant and came to live in Riverdale, apart from my fellow citizens. I was fully resolved to live a solitary life and bear my sorrow in silence. I started in to do this, as the Ladies of the Sewing Circle know. I carried out this plan until last week when I received a call from Mary Jane Rice. I was tempted to treat her the way I did the rest of you people, but something in her face reminded me of my own little daughter, and I just couldn't. Consequently Mary Jane showed me wherein I was wrong in living the life of a hermit and together we formed this conspiracy that you saw working to night. Now if the ladies will please forgive me, I shall try in the future to be a good neighbor to you all."

If it was possible for there to be more applause than at first it surely came now, and would have continued had not the still most popular resident of Riverdale interrupted.

"There's just one thing I forgot to tell you, friends, and that is that in the memory of my own little daughter I am going to adopt Mary Jane Rice. Now, I wish each of you the merriest kind of a Merry Christmas."

Dorothy French.

A Christmas Reverie

Would my head never stop aching? Would those bells never stop ringing in my ears? Would the sun never come out and shine again?

The rain fell just as my tears had been falling for a full hour. I was on the point of wishing it would stop when a great black cloud called "Discouragement"

seemed to envelope me and I said aloud "I don't care. I don't care if it rains cats-and-dogs for the rest of my life."

Might's well. If Mother had only let me go to Peg's Christmas Dance! But just because my eyes looked queer and my head was hot, and my face red, —oh! no, I must stay at home, all alone in the big living room with nothing to do but think over all my past, present and future sins, and to wonder if any of them were, are, or ever could be, quite bad enough to merit a punishment such as this. Mother had told me to go to bed and to cover up well before she left me, but there I was still sitting in the big arm chair, having great difficulty to hold my swollen eyes open. The old room was usually so cheery, but tonight I hated it's bigness and its silence. True, the fire was burning merrily, but I know it wasn't really happy. It was just making fun of me, of course. Every fiery little dart was grinning sarcastically and hopping up and down in fiendish glee.

Finally, I fled in horror to the couch, where I threw myself face downward in despair among the fluffy cushions, and the tears began to flow afresh. Oh! was there ever anyone so miserable, so unhappy, so tired?

I know not how long I had been lying there, when a tiny, fiery face peered into mine—white teeth a'sparkle, green eyes a'twinkle. Why was I so cold when the heat from this flaming little creature seemed to be burning my very bones? It's hypnotic power held me gazing, and absolutely powerless to resist. I following when it beckoned, until we reached the fireplace where it whispered hoarsely, "Sit down." With no hesitation I obeyed. The queerest noises and the weirdest shadows were all about me. I was so terrified that I failed to wonder at the heavy red curtain that hung so gracefully from the marble mantelpiece to the floor. Suddenly, at a hiss from the lips of my torturer the curtain parted, disclosing a miniature stage.

With a queer, vague sensation I found myself drifting slowly thru the air into this stage. I dropped into the midst of a thousand tiny creatures very like the one who had led me into the awful place and to my surprise I found that I resembled them closely. They hissed at me, they sneered at me, and each with a tiny red-hot needle, amused himself with playing that I was a pincushion. Suddenly I began to rise. Up, up, up, I floated, way up into space, like a milk-weed plume. I found myself on great white fleecy clouds and with a sigh, started to lie down to pleasant dreams. I heard a thousand tiny hoarse whispers somewhere away off below me but I smiled. Now, I would be alone to enjoy in peace this marvelous feathery bed. But, no! Why I must have fallen thru, for down, down, down, I went, and landed in a heap in the midst of my tormentors. One of them seemed suddenly to grow very large. He wore black whiskers and had a kinder face than the others. Why he strangely resembled our family physician; and by his side was a blurred vision in white cap and apron. Then I felt a cool, gentle touch on my burning head and someone said in a far-away voice, "When she comes out of this delirium give her this powder; and now, put this ice-pack on her head."—and then—I slept.

K. Merrill.

Nature's Christmas Child

The shop windows issued into the cold wet night a radiant flood of brilliant colored lights forming numerous beacon guides to the vast throng of shoppers, hurrying in one great throng, all intent on one great purpose—to complete their Christmas shopping.

Before a toy shop window rested the gaze of a street urchin. When one first looked upon his youthful countenance one was spell-bound. But who would not be? Upon a head of abundant yellow curls was placed a worn, black velvet cap, a chubby face being wholly visible beneath it. One lip dropped below the other and the first evidence of a tear was visible from a pair of dark brown eyes. But ah! the eyes! They were what held one's gaze. Pathetic eyes that appeared so wistful at sight of these wonderful toys! The hands, red and cold, were plunged into the ragged pockets offering scarcely no shelter. One pink toe had found its way from the thin shelter of a tiny sole, long since gone beyond the repairing stage, until now it peeked triumphantly about, much to the discomfiture of the wearer who had tried in vain to push it into its former position. This solitary child was enthusiastically watching a train gain full power and then diminish it, going through a dark tunnel only to emerge more vigorously combatant beside a fellow train. "Gosh! Gee! Oh!" piped from the little red mouth. "Now wouldn't I just love one of them with their chug! chug! chug!"

The holidays were fast approaching and with Christmas came the snow. Flakes were caught playfully by the roguish north wind and scattered about with a low deep whistle.

Treading his way through the winding thoroughfare, an artist silently traveled along, with a dejected air, utterly oblivious of the world and of his surroundings. Having begun a portrait, all was now completed, with the exception of the main problem, the face. It is true, many faces of youth could be had from more than one source, but in vain had he sought for the face which would inspire him to finish his work. He was aroused from his reverie by the originality of the urchin's words. It was then that the realization came to him that here was the child that he had been looking for. The hair, the lips, the moulded fairness of the skin, and the eyes! Surely such light had never before gleamed from the eyes of a child of this world! They seemed to express so many unspoken thoughts!

With a feeling of fear lest the child suddenly vanish, the artist said, "Well, my child, and what is your name?" With a confident air the glistening brown eyes turned in an upward direction until they met the more worldly ones of the artist. "My name, sir, is Tad," given very heroically indeed for such a little fellow. "That's all there is to my name, though, cause I never had more than one. D'you spose you could get me one?" he answered very seriously, as if the whole world depended on his obtaining one. His attitude, so like a child caused the artist to laugh merrily. A deep grin illuminated Tad's face, but it vanished when Tad was asked, "Tad, where do you live?" "Oh, nowheres now. I once did have a mother, though, like other kids do, but she's up there now," he answered, a tiny hand of grimy blackness raising itself in the direction of a bright

gleaming star in the clear sky above. "I'm kinda cold now, I am."

It had gradually been growing darker and silently the stars had come out one by one, until now the whole world appeared to glow with their radiant gleams. Strong arms picked up Tad, and before long the curly head had fallen down, down, for the sandman had touched his tired little eyes with grains of sand.

* * * * *

The next morning Tad awoke to find himself in a neat bed of snowy whiteness. To him, who had been without even a mother's love, it seemed like an enchantment. It took little effort to acquaint Tad with the tales of fairy-land which were told him, for Tad was really by nature a dream-child.

And so the picture grew under the Prince's talented fingers. Day after day the two sat together, Tad, listening intently to the tales of the fairies, dressed in tattered clothes, black cap perched on one side, while the artist caught every gleam and expression from the lad's face. Feverishly he painted, sketching tales so impressive and vivid, and told in such a clear and simple manner that Tad's time was entirely taken up with visioning these wonderful creatures.

At length the picture was completed and sent on its mission. Slowly the days passed, and then one day a long slender letter came to this dwelling. With trembling fingers and thumping heart, the letter was torn raggedly, along its edges and this is what it said.

Sir:

The "National Committee of Art" have decided that your masterpiece "Nature's Christmas Child" is by far the finest and most delicate piece of work presented, and we take great pleasure in sending you the specified reward.

We shall be pleased to receive a call from you at any convenient time.

Yours very truly,

The flickering shadows from the fireplace rose to great heights, casting their reflections on the bare walls, flickered once, twice, and fell. Tad broke the silence by placing his tiny hand to the narrow tapering fingers of the artist, and said, "Oh, Prince, you must have word from the fairies to enter fairyland. Shall we not go and bring our Princess with us?" With a broken voice, not stopping to brush away a tear that had fallen upon the faded waistcoat, the answer came. "Tad, do you know that you have been the most wonderful Christmas present? But we can never take the Princess, son, for years ago she forgot all about the Prince, who was tired, and had given up all hope until you, like a guiding star came to him. Together we will go into the land of the fairies, and they shall teach us to do as they do, live happily ever after."

Doris Brattig.

Noel

It was a typical Christmas Eve. In a little New England town where the pure white snow falling softly seemed to be coming to cover up the sin and ugliness in the world, a tall, thin, middle-aged woman named Patience was very lonely. She had almost forgotten what day it was when to her amazement she heard something which sounded like a baby's cry.

"Whose that comin' yellin' around this time o' night?" exclaimed the angry

woman. "I s'pose that's some one o' them Simpson young ones comin' around for handouts."

As Patience received no answer, she decided to investigate. Upon reaching the door she saw—or did she imagine she saw a baby! It was the most beautiful baby she had ever seen.

Now it must be admitted that Patience was not fond of children, but she could not keep her eyes off the baby girl who, she thought, looked like an unearthly child.

At length her New England common sense returned. Someone must have left the baby; but, still, no one was in sight, so Patience decided to keep the baby over night and to report the occurrence to the authorities next day.

The baby must have been about eight months old. With her large, innocent, blue eyes and golden curls she formed a striking contrast to Patience, who was by no means a pretty woman. She had stringy, gray hair and sharp, piercing, black eyes and was very lanky.

The next day the authorities, or in other words, Bill Harland, came to investigate.

"What was to be done with the baby?"

"O' course, you wouldn't keep her, Patience," said Bill with a queer laugh for the idea was a humorous one to him, as she was often referred to as the "Child Hater."

"Indeed I would—," began Patience. The baby who was in her arms started to smother her with kisses. A peculiar look came over Patience's face. Nothing could induce her to part with the baby.

Day after day Patience thought the parents would come to claim the baby of whom she had grown very fond.

"It is absurd not to have some name for this poor child. I must think of one," declared Patience.

There was something about this baby that was different from other children. It did not seem right to call her Mary Ann, Susy or any such common name.

Patience had a little bit of romance hidden away in a remote corner of her heart. Among the few words she had learned from a French family near whom she had once lived was the word for Christmas, Noel. This came into Patience's mind when she was trying to think of a suitable name for the baby.

"In remembrance of the day on which she arrived, I'm going to call her, 'Noel.'"

The weeks grew into months and the months grew into years, yet no one came to claim Noel. She was a beautiful child, and it was evident that Patience was proud of her. Above all Noel loved beauty and music. There was an old organ in Patience's home, and it was Noel's delight to play little pieces that she composed. They often brought tears to the eyes of the austere, New England spinster.

When Noel saw a beautiful scene, a wonderful look came into her expressive, blue eyes. She was a very lively child, but Patience taught her some self-control.

At last Noel was thru the High School. It was the custom in Newbury to have the valedictorian become the teacher in the village school. Noel being at

the head of her class was appointed. She was not at all suited for this position, as an instance which occurred on the visiting day for the school committee showed.

Having forgotten about their visit, Noel had taken the pupils on a picnic.

The school committee came! No pupils! What did this mean?

Noel returned a few minutes before the men were about to leave.

"What was she to say?" This question flashed thru her mind. Noel-like, she decided to make the best of it.

"How do you do, gentlemen?"

"Don't ya come how-de-doin' around here. What's this mean?" exclaimed one of the burly farmers.

"I wished to give the children a good time," replied Noel.

"Wall, we don't want any such teacher around here. You're fired! Get out! Ya don't belong in these here parts, anyway."

So Noel lost her position! What was she to do? There was no work in the town for her.

Meanwhile a very wealthy but lonely old man had moved into the stone-house on the hill. It seemed as if he had some hidden sorrow. When one looked into his eyes he saw something which made him feel that wealth was not everything.

Mr. Burton, for that was his name, advertised for a secretary.

"What do ya s'pose he's gonna' do with one o' them?" gossiped the women of the town at their Sewing Bees and over their kitchen fences.

Here seemed to be a solution to Noel's problem. Why not apply? She dressed in her very best and went to see him.

Noel, reaching the door, summoned all her courage (for it had been whispered that Mr. Burton was a tyrant).

"This will never do, I must try, for Patience's health is fast failing," Noel declared.

She was admitted by a butler who brought her into the library. As she stood on the threshold she heard the most unearthly scream.

"My wife," yelled Mr. Burton and fell in a dead faint.

Noel returned home. About a week later she was sent for. This time she went in Burton's car and was taken to his room.

"My dear, your name is Noel, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your last name,?" eagerly inquired the excited man.

"Why my name is—," she was just going to say Perkins when she remembered who she was. A mere nobody was her thought.

"Why do you hesitate?"

Noel poured out her whole story of how she had been left as a child and of how Patience had cared for her. When she had finished the man seized her, telling her in a broken voice of her identity.

Noel, the protegee of Patience Perkins, was the daughter of the wealthy merchant, Mr. Burton! She had been stolen by some men who, seeing that they were followed, had left her on the Perkins' step where Patience had found her that memorable Christmas Eve twenty years before.

Her father also was an artist and violinist of some renown. This accounted for Noel's love of beauty and music.

Tho Noel Burton grew into a fine young lady she never forgot Patience, who lived with her and was treated like her own mother.

Mrs. Burton had died several years before Noel's return. When Noel first went to see Mr. Burton her resemblance to her dead mother had caused him to faint.

Noel did not forget the simple country folk of Newbury. She often paid them visits in later life.

Mary Ryan

An Unexpected Christmas

It was two weeks before Christmas. The city was buried in a coverlet of downy snow. Everywhere sleigh bells were jingling and the refreshing smell of pines and evergreens filled the air. Christmas was near at hand. The stores were brightly lighted and many eager children stood gazing in the windows filled with toys. On the street were newsboys calling their papers and rubbing their hands which were blue with cold.

The day was fast drawing to a close and evening shadows had begun to come and go. The pink sunset had disappeared. The sky was gray and cold, and looked as though it might snow.

On one of the fashionable street corners was a very attractive boy of about nine or ten. He had dark brown eyes and yellow curly hair. His papers were almost sold and he was eagerly counting his pennies. The other boys were telling how their money would buy some apples and candy for that great day. As he heard them talk of their great anticipation, tears came to his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. He knew he couldn't enter into their fun so he started on his homeward journey. When he reached there a voice called,

"Come here, Jack, my boy."

He entered a small room adjoining the kitchen. There on the bed lay a man. His face was ashen white and there were deep hollows in his cheeks. It was very plain that he was dying. Raising himself on his elbow he said rather faintly,

"Jack, I'm dying—"

"Oh! no, daddy, daddy," cried Jack.

"Yes, Jack—I'm dying and—dying fast, sonny,—I've nothing to—leave you.—You've got—to fight—your own—battles in this—world now. Here's an address to—which you are to go. Good bye—Jack—be a—good—boy."

These last words were so faint, Jack had to lean very close to catch them.

"Oh, daddy, daddykins, speak to me. Please say you ain't dead! Oh, please, daddy sp—speak to me," cried Jack.

But he couldn't. The powerful hand of God had sealed his lips forever.

How long Jack lay there sobbing and crying he never knew. After a while he roused himself and realizing that he had not sold all his papers he set out in the cold night to finish his task. The address his father had given him was tucked in his pocket.

Jack's papers didn't sell fast. The people who hurried by, on their way to the show, didn't notice him and the papers he had to sell. At last they were all

sold but one. As he was standing there he felt something cold against his hand. Looking down he saw a poor hungry dog apparently without a home.

"You poor fellow."

And Jack kneeling upon the sidewalk put his arms about the dog's neck.

"Ain't you got no folks to take care of you neither? Gee! we're both all alone and hungry so I guess I'll adopt you, and you and me'll be pals. You can have half the food I get.

"Buy a paper, mister?"

"There now I've sold the last one. Let me see. What'll I call you? Jip? Yes, I think that is a swell name. Come on Jip, we'll go home and stop for a bite to eat on the way."

But on the way his thoughts returned to his home, and a big lump rose in his throat. He was cold and tired when he reached home. He sat down on the steps, his arms about the dog. The tears in his eyes rolled down his cheeks and he burst out crying.

"Oh, dear God, why did you take my daddy and leave me all alone?"

Reaching in his pocket for a handkerchief, his hand came in contact with the envelope his father had given him. His sobs ceased in his curiosity to read the address, but he couldn't. He had not noticed before, however, that it contained a letter.

"But I can't leave my daddy, I—"

A step was heard on the stair, and then the gruff voice of the landlord.

"Get out of the way."

The man roughly pushed him aside and entered the kitchen. He reappeared again shortly saying,

"Hey, there, get the rent, you scoundrel, I'm in a hurry."

"There's no rent," sobbed Jack.

"Then move on, ya can't stay here."

"But my daddy, I can't leave him."

"Oh, the city'll take care of him. Beat it, I say."

And he sent the sobbing boy out into the cold and snow, for the expected snow had begun to fall.

Slowly and aimlessly he wandered about the streets with Jip following close at his heels. His faithful little friend had become greatly attached to him in a few hours. His big sorrowful brown eyes followed Jack, and if a dog can speak, Jip's eyes spoke, for anyone could read the simple message of longing in those sympathetic eyes.

"How I wish I might comfort my little master."

It was such a late hour for a small boy to be out alone that a policeman stopped him and asked him if he were lost.

"No, but can you tell me where to reach this here place?" said Jack, handing him the envelope.

The officer upon reading the address replied that he was going that way and would gladly take him with him. Poor Jack! His short little legs could barely keep up with him, even by running.

At last the policeman stopped at the corner of a fashionable avenue.

"Here's where I leave. You go up this street. Third house on the left. You'll find it easy enough."

"All right, thank you."

Jack and Jip went up the street. Jack's poor legs were tired and his feet were soaked. His heart was thumping loudly. What and who were these people? Why did his dad send him here? Will they want him?

He rang the bell and a very fat portly person, resembling the band man with his brass buttons, opened the door. Jack handed him the letter, and he was asked to wait in the hall.

The butler, entering the library where Mr. and Mrs. Barton sat, walked up to Mrs. Barton.

"Pardon me, madam, but some little beggar boy insisted that I bring this to you."

Mrs. Barton, very perplexed, read and reread it. She then handed it to her husband.

"What shall we do? Turn him over to the Orphan's Home or shall we keep him and make the best of it?"

"I don't see as there is any use of settling the question tonight. He must stay here until morning anyway. I suppose we had better take a look at him."

"Show him in, James."

Jack waited eagerly for the butler to return.

"They will see you in the library."

Jack and Jip followed the butler into the room.

"James! Take that dirty dog out of here!"

"Yes, madam."

"No," interposed Jack, "he's my pal, he stays with me. And he isn't dirty, he's nice."

"James, take that filthy animal out of here, and you! You impudent boy, keep still!"

With cold, disapproving glances they took him all in from head to foot. No one knew how Jack felt. His little heart hungered for someone to take him and love him,—and then to be treated like this!

"Clean him up and put him to bed."

Mrs. Barton was speaking to Jane. When she had finished giving her directions she picked up her book and continued reading, paying not the slightest attention to Jack, who down in his heart secretly wished he hadn't come here. Why did his dad send him here?

He was given a bath and put to bed. But he couldn't sleep. He rolled and tossed. His face and body were burning. His throat was parched. All night he lay, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling above his bed.

When Jane came in, in the morning, Jack asked for a drink of water. When she brought it in she looked at him curiously and asked him how he felt.

"I feel awfully hot and I got a funny feeling here," he said, pointing to his chest.

Jane told him to stay in bed until she came back.

"Madam?"

"Come in, Jane."

"Madam, that child is ill."

"Ill?"

"Yes, madam, he has a fever."

"Well, call the doctor but don't bother me any more."

The doctor came and pronounced it a case of pneumonia. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Barton went in to see Jack, but one day Mr. Barton happened to pass by his door.

"Oh, my daddy, my daddy, why don't you come to me?"

The cry went straight to Mr. Barton's heart. He had never had any children of his own, and this pitiful wail made him stop. His conscience prompted him to go in and console the child; but his meanness rose to the top, and he only stepped to the door and inquired how he was.

"He is not improving, in fact, today, he is a trifle worse. The doctor dreads the crisis."

All day that cry rang in his ears and his conscience bothered him. He was troubled when he reached home and went immediately up to Jack's room. Mr. Barton deceived himself greatly when he said,

"I'll go only to the door and inquire how he is," for when he reached the room the nurse asked him if he cared to see the child. He replied that he would. Looking beyond the partly open door, he saw his wife trying to console the boy. Mrs. Barton started when he entered. She hadn't wanted her husband to find her there.

"Billy," she said going to him and placing her hands on his shoulder, "he's delirious. When I asked the nurse how he was she asked me if I wanted to see him. Through the open door he had caught sight of me and cried out, 'Oh, mama, you did come, didn't you? I knew you would. Won't you kiss me, mama, please, it's so long since the last time you did it?'"

"And, Billy, I couldn't resist that pitiful plea, so I came in. You aren't angry, are you?"

But Billy didn't answer. He was looking at the frail little fellow who was fighting a battle for life against great odds. Mr. Barton's heart was softened toward the boy while he remained in the room; upon leaving it his coldness and meanness returned, and he vowed he wouldn't make such a fool of himself again!

When the doctor came that night he said he'd use all his medical knowledge and ability to save the lad, but he had little if any hopes. That night the change came. His fever went down steadily, from twelve o'clock on, and in the morning all danger was over. The doctor however, declared that he didn't save him.

"There must have been a strong desire to live inside the boy, and enough strength to throw off death's grip when the time came," he said.

Mr. Barton pretended he didn't care but deep in his heart he was relieved because he had not slept a wink all night; he had worried so.

That night, Christmas was the chief topic of conversation. It was not far off and of course Jack would be there. Their plans were quite complete when Mr. Barton, who was now sorry for an injustice he had wrought in earlier days, suggested that they visit the boy.

The Beginning of a New Year

will mean a great deal for many persons for it will mean the beginning of a savings account—and a savings account means a start toward success in life.

From now until the beginning of the new year will be a splendid time for you to think seriously about starting an account—a time to consider **WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT A SAVINGS ACCOUNT.**

\$1.00 will start the account and to that \$1.00 you may add any amount large or small at any time you desire; and you may make your deposits at the main office, the Morningside Branch or the Dalton Branch.

A very important matter to remember is that all money deposited here on or before January 10 will start to draw interest on that date—and since January 1918 we have paid interest at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}\%$



City Savings Bank of Pittsfield

North Street at Fenn Street

Morningside Branch
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch
Union Block

Jack glanced up as Mr. and Mrs. Barton entered, and when they advanced toward the bed he shrank from them, for the visions of their first meeting in the library still lingered with him. But Mr. Barton's kindly greeting made the boy more at ease, and his look reassured him that Mr. Barton really meant to be as pleasant and as sincere as he sounded. Mrs. Barton came over and gave him a motherly kiss, and Mr. Barton followed her example.

The days before Christmas passed rapidly and Jack steadily regained his health.

It was Christmas Eve. Mr. and Mrs. Barton were seated before the fire. Jip lay at their feet. You would hardly recognize him as the shaggy, ill-kept starved pet found on the street.

"Bessie, jealousy is the worst enemy a man has to fight. And the mean outrageous things it can make a man do if once he weakens and let's it master him are unthinkable. But thank God, I have mastered it at last."

Through Jack's head were running dreams of the next day. Just before he went to sleep Mr. and Mrs. Barton came in to see him. Later in the library preparations for Christmas were started. A huge tree was placed near the fireplace hearth and they both proceeded to trim it. When they had finished they stood at a distance to gaze upon their work, and then laughingly began to place the presents around. What a store of gifts!

At last the house was quieted down and everyone was dreaming pleasant dreams.

The first to awaken next morning was Jack.

"Merry Christmas, Jane."

"Well, master Jack, how are you feeling today?"

"Fine, Jane. Jimminy crickets, ain't you goin' to tell me what your surprises are?"

"You'll soon see. Now hold still, I'm going to blind-fold you."

"What for?"

"Sh—don't speak now or there shall be no surprise."

Someone lifted Jack and carried him out of the room.

"What am I going to do?" thought Jack.

At last they put him upon something soft, like a bed, and someone removed his bandage. He was sitting upon a couch looking at the most beautiful Christmas tree he had ever seen.

"Oh," was all Jack said.

The tinsel and bright colored ornaments dazzled him. And gifts,— Jack had never seen so many. It was several minutes before he realized that Mrs. Barton was kissing him, and asking him how he liked it; and that something warm and moist was touching his hand. He looked. There was good old Jip licking it in a friendly greeting. Mr. and Mrs. Barton removed the gifts uttering an exclamation of joy and surprise as the contents of each came into view. In those packages were everything any little boy could wish to have. Jack begged them to eat their breakfast with him. So the maid brought it in on a tea wagon. The sight of the food made Jack hungry but a bowl of gruel had to satisfy him.

Mr. Barton immediately started eating his breakfast. He had his fork half way to his mouth, and there it stopped in mid-air when these words reached his ears.

"Our father, we thank—"

Shamefacedly Mr. Barton put his fork down and reverently bowed his head while Jack finished saying grace. In those few minutes memories of the past came back. Memories of by-gone days when his father used to say grace at the table and read from the Bible in the evening.

After breakfast, Mr. Barton said,

"I have one more gift to give you, but first I want to tell you a little story. Quite a few years ago a very rich man had two sons. The father cared more for one than he did for the other. The other brother was jealous and grew to hate the favorite. When the father died he left more than half his wealth to his favorite son, but the other in a mean, underhanded way cheated him out of every cent of his money and then let him go out to work in the world, and never again heard of him or even tried to find out if he were living or dead.

"That father was my father and the favorite son was your father. I am the jealous one I am sorry to say. I still had the money I cheated your father out of, and when you came that night I was afraid, for you had a claim on that money. I was still jealous. The letter your father wrote said only that he was dying and asked me to take care of you. I soon realized where I had done wrong and now, in the bank I have had all your father's money turned over to you. I did not master my jealous disposition until the city had buried your father. Now as a Christmas present, I offer you an aunt and uncle."

"Oh, Uncle Billy, that is the finest present you could give me! And I am to call you aunt?"

"Yes, call me Aunt Bessie. I'd feel hurt if you didn't," said Mrs. Barton.

The day passed all too quickly for Jack. In the evening Uncle Billy took out the old family Bible. The worn pages, yellowed with age were indeed familiar though it had been many years since he had looked at them. Aunt Bessie told the story of the first Christmas. Then Uncle Billy opened the Bible. By chance it opened at an old familiar text in the first book of the Old Testament, the story of Joseph.

"Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children"—he began in a clear bass voice.

When he had finished he sat with his eyes fixed upon the book.

"That corresponds exactly with my story. It may have happened many years ago but it can happen today, too. It may not be New Year's, but I'm going to turn over a new leaf now, and live the life of a Christian hereafter."

Glancing at Jack he saw that he had fallen asleep. He put the book away and gently lifting Jack he carried him upstairs to bed.

Mildred Prentice.

PRIZE STORY

O'Shaughnessy's Christmas Dinner

"Sure, old goose, and 'tis a skinny Christmas dinner you'll make for those five hungry little O'Shaughnessys," mused the mother of the hungry five as she picked the last grey feather from the bird in question. "But I'll patch you out with the potatoes that the neighbors gave us and we'll have a feast fit for the Queen."

This last was spoken cheerfully but was belied instantly by two great tears that forced themselves from the widow's blue eyes and rolled down her rosy cheeks. For the goose was certainly "skinny," in fact he was all skin and bones, and the potatoes were about six in number. Add to this, the fact that the appetites of the little O'Shaughnessys were even more ravenous than those of the ordinary healthy, growing children, and you will have some idea of the cause of the tears. Poor Tim O'Shaughnessy had died last Lent and his widow had found it very hard to keep the bodies and souls of the family together. For it had been famine year and in spite of her care the little garden had failed miserably. Had it not been for the generosity of poor but unselfish neighbors the widow and her little brood would have starved. As it was they were very near to starving and tomorrow was Christmas day. The mother had very little hope that it would be a very happy Christmas for they would miss Tim's jovial presence sadly for he had always been "a fine provider" as the widow would have told you and tomorrow's dinner would be in sad contrast to that of the year before. The widow O'Shaughnessy was cheerful and hopeful. One look at her rosy face with its bright blue eyes, its saucy little nose, and its rather large, laughing mouth, with its dear little dimples lurking in the corners, would have told you that. But she didn't dare to hope for anything to turn up which might provide them with a good dinner. She believed in fairies, of course. Hadn't she seen with her own eyes a man who had caught a leprechaun between his thumb and forefinger and who had almost made the fairy cobbler tell where his gold was hidden? And hadn't she heard of many other people who had been helped by the fairies? But the wee folk must have been hurt by some of "the wicked spalpeens" in the village for they hadn't been seen in four or five years. So hope for help from the fairy was eliminated.

Suddenly through the noise of the wind outside the widow heard a knock. She jumped up from her seat by the fire and hurried to open the door for it was a wild night. Through the doorway came a gust of wind which made the fire leap and took the widow's breath away. The gust was followed by a little old peddler.

"Good evening to you, ma'am," said he, "'Tis a terrible night entirely."

"Yes, sure and it is that," replied his hostess when she recovered her breath. "Come over to the fire and get yourself warm. I'll put on a few more sods for, please God, we've got plenty of them."

Soon the fire was roaring and crackling up the chimney. The peddler guest

had slung his pack to the floor and was warming his hands at the blaze. The widow bustled around for a few minutes getting the fire going, but when this was done she was torn with doubts whether she had better give the stranger some of the potatoes which were intended for the dinner tomorrow or let him go hungry to bed.

"As it is, the dinner will be pretty small and if I give some of the potatoes to the peddler it will be even smaller," she reasoned.

"Yes, but the poor children will be so hungry tomorrow and that on Christmas too."

"The children are young and strong, though, and the old man is weak and needs something to strengthen him after his long tramp in the wind and snow. He's your guest too, and you know yourself, Bridget O'Shaughnessy, that no good luck ever comes to them that treat a poor old peddler selfishly. What would Tim say if he was here now and saw you shilly-shallying between doing what's right and a couple of potatoes."

So at last she cooked two of the potatoes and set them on the table before the peddler.

"Me and young Tim, who is quite a big boy now, seven years old last June, can go without our potatoes for the lad won't mind as he's just like his father, nary a bit of selfishness in his whole body," she thought.

By this time the little old traveler had eaten his meal and was getting out his pipe for a smoke. He drew his stool nearer the fire and gazed meditatively into the flames, one hand holding his pipe and the other upon his knee. In that position he looked like nothing so much as a little old gnome. The fire cast weird shadows upon his face and this heightened the resemblance to a mischievous fairy. His little blue eyes sparkled as keenly as stars on a sharp, frosty night and his mouth seemed to have an eternal grin stamped on it. After a few minutes he shifted his gaze from the fire to the face of the widow. He looked at her intently, as she sat there absorbed in thought with tiny creases of worry between her eyes, and he seemed to be favorably impressed by what he saw there. Then his glance wandered to the bed in the corner nearest the fire. The five children were there, sound asleep. Nearest to the peddler was little Tim who had his mother's little turned up nose and smiling mouth. Beside him was the baby which had clasped one of its big brother's fingers and still held it. Next to the baby were three others aged six, four, and two. The first was Bridget who had her mother's black curls and next to her was Nora, the joy of her mother's heart, with her father's wavy brown hair and fine, straight nose. Next to Nora was little Pat, an exact image of his mother in the masculine. All in all, they were a fine lot of children and the eyes of the old peddler lingered on them. But at last his attention returned to the fire and, taking his pipe out of his mouth, he addressed the widow.

"This year has been a hard one for the poor folk hereabouts, ma'am."

"Yes, indeed, that it has, that with the potatoes getting blighted and the dry weather. But we aren't as bad off as the poor people whose landlords are grinding and cruel. We have a roof over our heads and sods to put on the blaze to keep ourselves warm on cold, windy nights like these. Sure and we ought not to complain, when we have so much more than lots of others."

"Yes, that's true word for you, ma'am," agreed the guest, "but tomorrow's Christmas day and I'm afraid there's many a family hereabouts that won't have much of a Christmas dinner unless the fairies send them one." As he said this the widow noticed his little blue eyes sparkling like stars.

"The fairies used to be kind to us," the widow resumed after a pause, "but they haven't been seen in four or five years around here so I guess that the poor folk will have to get along on what little they've got." The last words were accompanied by a brave attempt to smile but the little dimples would not aid in the attempt and the smile was a failure.

"Oh, ma'am, but the fairies are kind-hearted and they have let themselves be seen in this village often before, which shows that they like the people around here as a general rule. Don't lose hope so easily, ma'am. The wee folk do queerer things than that sometimes," encouraged the peddler.

"That they do," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and maybe we'll all have a fine dinner tomorrow. But you'd better go to bed or you'll be too tired tomorrow to eat it."

So she showed the old man to her own bed in the farther corner of the room. It was a small cot and the only covering was a rather thin patchquilt as the widow had put all the rest of the blankets on the children's bed. It was the best she had though, and the stranger seemed glad to get even so poor an accommodation. After removing his heavy boots he hopped into bed and was soon apparently slumbering, though occasionally his amused grin would become more pronounced.

The widow then placed her stool against the wall beside the fireplace and sat down with her back leaning against the wall. It was almost midnight so she was very sleepy and soon felt herself dozing.

Suddenly she thought she heard little feet pattering over the floor. She slowly opened her eyes a little; then, from sheer surprise, they opened wide for the noise was caused by the feet of tiny creatures hurrying from the fireplace across the floor. She knew that they were "the wee folk" and had really come. They were bringing to the table all sorts of good things to eat. A group of four or five came in staggering under a big dish of delicious pudding. Then came five groups of two, each group carrying a long, fat stick of candy on their shoulders.

Six of the fairies next appeared bearing a fine bag of oranges and other fruit. A great commotion was then caused, by a regiment of the strongest who were struggling to pull a huge bag of potatoes across the floor. And last but not least were ten of the tallest fairies, each of them fully two feet in height, who marched in with a slow and stately step bearing on a large platter a fine fat turkey.

As each of these things was brought into the room the widow's surprise gradually diminished, and now her main thought was that her guests should not be frightened away. As she thought this she turned her eyes very carefully to the children and as she did so Pat turned over suddenly. When she looked again the fairies were gone. The widow sighed but she was immediately gladdened by the sight of all their gifts just where they had placed them. To prove still further to herself that it was true, she got up and went to the table. She stretched out her hand to touch the turkey, lowered it, and it met real, firm turkey flesh. The good woman's joy knew no bounds, and as she did not want to wake

the children to tell them what had happened she turned to the stranger. He had left. His bed was empty. Ah, he must have vanished with the fairies. Her father had told her many a time about the little old fairy who was a sort of investigator for the little people. How blind she was not to have noticed how his looks tallied with that fairy's. But there shouldn't be a happier woman in the whole of Ireland than herself.

Then she glanced at the little clock on the mantle. Just three. So she went to her own bed and tried to sleep. The hours crawled by all too slowly but at last the little clock said that it was six o'clock so she prepared to get up and fix the delicious turkey for cooking. Tim was aroused and as soon as he realized that it was Christmas morning he jumped out of bed. His mother, after getting the dinner ready to be cooked, as soon as she got home, started off to Mass leaving Tim in charge of the family.

Though there were many happy faces in the little church that morning, the widow O'Shaughnessy's bright face outshone all the rest. After Mass was over she joined the little group of women in the yard. They were all talking excitedly to one another. She discovered that a little old man had come to each of their homes last night and those who had taken him in had found the little old man gone in the morning and something to eat left in his place. The thing left behind seemed to be in accordance with what they had done for the old man. Those who had treated him more unselfishly received more in return. But the widow had received most of all. She didn't say what she had done for the fairy visitor but after she had gone they said that she must have deserved all that she had been given for she was the poorest of all and did not have much to give the old man. But they rejoiced in her good fortune for she had been a brave little woman to try to bring up all the children herself.

At the widow's little cottage, a fine meal was being eaten.

"Sure and 'tis a fine Christmas dinner we'll be having," said the widow O'Shaughnessy as she carved a fine fat leg for Tim from the big turkey. "Between such a fine lot of potatoes, a big pudding, this elegant turkey, and all the fixin's we've got a feast fit for the whole royal family." Just then two big tears rolled down her cheeks but they were tears of gladness and not of sorrow. Surely no royal family could be happier at a great feast of state in a king's palace than the family of the widow O'Shaughnessy at a humble Christmas dinner in a thatched cottage.

Mabel Knight.

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Senior B Notes

We are very busy choosing our class rings and are considering one of Roman gold with a small standard monogram, and another of plain gold with a larger standard monogram.

The Senior B's have lost one of their best members in Miss Clara Noble. On account of poor health Miss Noble was forced to leave school for six months.

William Nealon has been chosen treasurer of the class to succeed Miss Noble who held that office.

Helen M. Doyle '22.

Junior A Class Notes

The big question now at hand, is, of course, the Junior Prom, which will take place on the evening of December 28th. The Shire City orchestra has been engaged, and likewise the Masonic Temple—a perfect combination. The committees are headed by competent chairmen; Publicity, Leavitt Wood; Printing, George Gerst; Checking, Sydney Clug; Decoration, Sam Bridges; Reception, Isabel Hesse; Refreshment, Edith Fenton and Music, Florence Merriam.

All Juniors have tickets—a word to the wise—

Here is a little poetry, relative to the Prom, which you might peruse:

Proms and Proms there may have been,
But ne'er a Prom like this;
Indeed, a Prom one half as good
'Twould be a crime to miss.

Music, music, ev'rywhere,
Jazz and Harmony;
For everyone, both great and small,
A good time there will be.

On that night when lights are bright
Without an hour's delay,
Betake yourself unto the Prom
And chase the "Blues" away.

"My Tucky Home," and "Weep No More,"
And "Sunny Tennessee,"
With music we will say it:
What a great time there will be!

"The Wabash Blues" and "Yoo Hoo," too
And "On the South Sea Isles,"
Ev'ryone will come to dance
Where frowns give place to smiles.

L'envoi.

The moral of this simple tale
Is very plain to see:
The greatest class of all is that
Of nineteen twenty-three!

E J. H.

News of the Electrical Club

The Electrical Club has been so interested in its Club work that we have forgotten until now to tell the school about our progress.

The officers are, president, George Emerson; secretary, Martha Dickie; and treasurer, Edward Roscoe.

We now have eight members from the Commercial High, and twenty-eight from our own school.

Every week three or four members are given subjects to report on the following week. One week not long ago we had a wireless outfit brought in, through which members of the Electrical Club heard a fox-trot. Next time we will try not to be so wrapped up in ourselves as to forget more news.

Martha Dickie.

Auditorium Meetings

High School students have had the privilege of hearing some interesting speakers in the past two months. On Nov. 10th, General Wheeler, of the Ordinance Department of the A. E. F., read a paper on the approximate cost of the war to the United States. The report was very accurate and furnished much material for thought.

During December a representative of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company gave two lectures on the history and growth of the telephone. Both lectures were interesting, and students derived a great deal of valuable information from them. More of these lectures are being planned for the future.

Ten Little Freshman

Ten little freshmen in the corridor line—
One of them began to sing—then there were nine.

Nine little freshies one day for school were late—
One said the clock was slow,—then there were eight.

Eight tiny twelve-year-olds passed by Room 11—
One heard Sylvester roar,—that left only seven.

Seven little youngsters up to silly tricks—
One slid down the bannister—then there were six.

Six tiny frosh to mimic "Bill" did strive—
One succeeded quite too well,—that left only five.

Five tiny frosh ventured on the second floor—
One collided with a Senior,—then there were four.

Four third-floor infants went to school in glee—
One forgot his home-work—that left only three.

Three little freshmen, homesick and blue—
One bluffed a week too long,—then there were two.

Two toddling freshies—a third-floor run—
One fell down the steps,—that left only one.

One bright youngster, simply for fun,
Wrote this for the "Pen"—then there were none.

Thelma E. Wilmarth.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

The Daughter of the Land

"The Daughter of the Land" is a charming little novel by Eleanor Porter and published by Doubleday Page and Company.

The heroine is a girl who, not having all the opportunities that the rest of the children enjoyed, desired to educate herself and accordingly worked her way through Normal School. This arouses the anger of her father. Added to this she signed a contract to teach in a Neighboring town instead of signing the contract for her old home town, and consequently her father forbade her ever to enter the house again. While at home she had fallen in love with a young man who was paying attention to her sister. He married the sister a short time after she had gone away from home. While at a boarding house our heroine came in contact with a young man entirely unworthy of her. By the plots of his mother she is finally induced to marry him. Many trials follow and her husband is killed in an explosion due to his own carelessness. Her sister is killed soon after in an automobile accident and how she at last finds happiness is delightfully told by Eleanor Porter.

Dorothy French.

The Christmas Book Shelf

Books are always welcome. From the fairy tale-loving youngster to his biography-loving grandfather, books fill the Christmas need.

Our stock is extensive and comprehensive, and ranges from the smallest child's book to rare editions in sumptuous bindings.

INTERESTING NEW BOOKS

In Berkshire Fields by Walter P. Eaton, \$3.50.
My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt by C. R. Robinson \$3.00.
Dickens, Scott and Thackeray, small leather edition, \$1.90.
If Winter Comes by Hutchinson, \$2.00.
Daughter of the Land by Porter, \$1.75.
The Pride of Palomar by Peter Kyne, \$2.00.
To Him That Hath by Ralph Connor, \$1.75.
Galusha, The Magnificent by Jos. Lincoln, \$2.00.

These and many others will be found in our Book Store as well as a complete line of Bibles, Testaments and Prayer Books.



ENGLAND BROTHERS

"To Him That Hath"

"To Him That Hath" is Ralph Connor's latest novel. It is, without doubt, one of his greatest works, altho, "The Sky Pilot in No man's Land" holds a slightly higher place in my estimation. This, like the majority of his books deals with the big human problems of the day, in this case, Capital and Labor. The scene is laid in Western Canada in a manufacturing city, and there are several of Mr. Connor's ingenious, imaginative descriptions woven in, which greatly add to the vivid picture drawn.

Jack Maitland, the hero, undergoes the restlessness and the difficulty of adopting himself to the every-day life of the returned soldier. He meets the mismanagement and the growing radical movement in his father's factory, however, with a desire and a determination to conquer against all odds. He is a born leader, and with his military training succeeds in obtaining fine team-work among his men, altho he is unable to prevent all the mill-hands in town from striking. This is largely due to the influence of Malcolm McNish, who is also a great leader, and who would have been Jack's friend only for the fact that he thought Jack loved the girl he loved, and so tried to avenge him.

One night in a riot, the girl, Annette, is shot by McGinnis, a disagreeable and uncompromising employer. This sobers the crowd for they think she is dead. A meeting is held the next morning at which both employers and employees are present. Jack Maitland, the Reverend Murdo Matheson, who holds a loving influence over the whole community, and McGinnis, who has had a change of heart over night, are appointed to unravel the tangled threads of war in the district.

The romance of McNish and Annette, and of Jack and Adrien Templeton is cleverly interwoven, and Jack and McNish become fast friends. The subject is a broad one, but Mr. Connor's knowledge both of the viewpoint of the Union men and of the employer, and of human nature, results in a truly great book which demands the readers undivided attention and sympathy.

Rachel Barnes.

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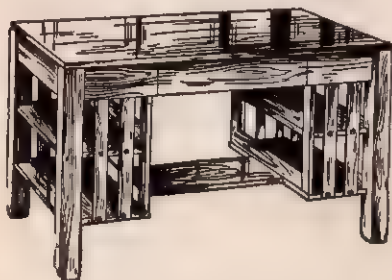
COMMERCIAL NOTES

Junior A—At a meeting of the Junior A class, Thursday, December 1, it was decided that the class rings would be bought before the close of school in June. Each member is to pay for his ring as the class money in the treasury to be used for the class banquet and other graduation expenses.

Senior B—We held a class meeting Friday, December 9, in order to decide on the class ring and, incidentally, on what our class will give the Senior A's. Gladys Hayn, chairman of the ring committee, submitted several sample rings but nothing definite has been agreed upon.

All kinds of suggestions were offered as to what we should give the Seniors—a dance, a theater party, a supper of reindeer meat, or a sleigh-ride?

The long-talked-of Alumni Association has been formed by the class of '21, with Richard Baer as president, Vera Unbehend as vice-president, and Marion Sargent as secretary and treasurer. The meetings will be held on the first Monday of each month at the various homes of the members.



NEW FURNITURE At New Low Prices

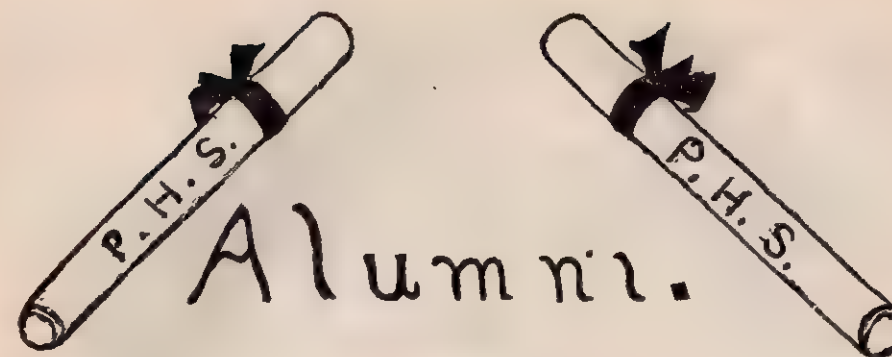
OUR heading tells the story complete. The new furniture, which we are receiving each day, is being marked at the

new low prices. This means that you can buy high-grade and dependable home-furnishings today at unheard of low prices, prices that are exceptionally low compared to some of the high prices which are still in effect. If you would save money on furniture, come in and let us show you thru our store. There is no obligation on your part.

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Miss Evelyn Gregory, '21's most popular girl and the school's "Liz", is attending New Rochelle College.

Miss Margaret Cooney, ex-'21 is attending the Elms School.

Miss Mildred Higgins has taken a position at Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

The Misses Florence Hickey '20 and Katherine Cronin '19 are studying at the Berkshire Business College.

Florence Palmer '21 is training to be a Nurse at the Bishop Memorial Training School.

Dorothy Brown '21 is working in the Eagle Office.

Jean Tolman '21 is taking a course at Simmons.

Norman Shippey '21 is going to St. Stephen's College.

Ruth Gardner '21 is working in the local Telephone Office.

Carolyn Cooper '21 is working in the Library.

Miss Constance Gamwell '20 is a member of Mt. Holyoke College Choir, which sang here December 9, 1921.

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ATHLETICS

P. H. S. 32—Adams 0

Pittsfield High trounced Adams 32 to 0 on the common Saturday, November 11, 1921. The first touchdown was made in the first four and one-half minutes of play through a forward pass of Leonard to Foley. In the second period O'Brien pounded his way through the Adams line for another touchdown. Leonard kicked the goal and made the score 13 to 0. Again in the third period two more touchdowns were scored. The first one being made by Weltman who ploughed his way through the line for a good six points. After Stetson had made two good gains in as many tries he was given the ball again and crossed the goal line for the fourth touchdown. Leonard kicked the goal. The final touchdown came in the last period. After Whalen had caught a forward pass and was downed on Adam's two-yard line Weltman carried the pig-skin over the goal-line for the final score. The game ended just after O'Brien had kicked off.

O'Brien, Weltman, Stetson, Leonard and Whalen excelled for Pittsfield, while McGrath, Potter and Searles played well for Adams.

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Corner North and West Streets
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

P. H. S. 0—St. Joseph's 7

Pittsfield High was defeated in its annual gridiron struggle with St. Joseph's 7 to 0 on the common Thanksgiving Day. The game was played in a few inches of snow and hail. Both teams fought hard and St. Joseph's received the break when Coakly recovered a fumble in the third period and ran 70 yards for a touchdown. Weltman was the all-star of the game. Garrity, Graves and Stenrod played well for Pittsfield while Coakly, St. James, Lambert, and McNaughton excelled for St. Joseph's.

P. H. S. 0—Drury 6

Pittsfield High, lost to Drury, 6 to 0 at North Adams, Saturday, Nov. 19. The team lost its best chance for victory when a 15-yard penalty was imposed. Garrity carried the ball to Drury's 5-yard line where P. H. S. was penalized.

The game was rough and many penalties were imposed. In the third period after Pittsfield had fumbled a penalty brought the ball to Pittsfield's 12-yard line. A touchdown was scored by Rosch, succeeding a few rushes. Clark failed to kick the goal.

During the rest of the game, Drury played a defensive game and were in danger of being scored upon only in the final period. Fumbles were numerous and were always timely for Drury.

Graves, Weltman and O'Brien played best for Pittsfield while Clark and Toolan worked best for Drury.

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PITTSFIELD

Summary

Steenrod led in scoring for Pittsfield.

	Touchdowns	Points
Steenrod	4	24
Weltman	2	12
Whalen	2	12
Angelo	1	6
Foley	1	6
O'Brien	1	6
Stetson	1	6
Goals from touchdowns		
Leonard	5	

Steenrod was tied for second place among the scorers with Toolan of Drury.

As the football season comes to an end many fans have picked numerous all-star high school elevens for Berkshire County. Among those mentioned from P. H. S. are, Capt. Graves, Gregory, O'Brien, Steenrod, and Weltman.

	Points	Opponents	Points
Pittsfield	0	Adams	6
Pittsfield	6	Dalton	7
Pittsfield	0	Drury	0
Pittsfield	20	Dalton	0
Pittsfield	19	Lee	0
Pittsfield	32	Adams	0
Pittsfield	0	Drury	6
Pittsfield	0	St. Joseph's	7
Total	77		26

Final Standing

	Won	Lost	Tied
Drury	6	0	2
St. Joseph's	3	2	2
Adams	3	3	2
Pittsfield	2	4	1
Dalton	1	5	2

Thirty-five candidates are out for practice for the basket-ball team. Capt. Weltman and Stetson will play as guards. O'Brien center, Bridges and Danni-buski forwards. Four of the men are from last year's team that finished in second place in the North Berkshire league and captured the city Championship. This combination is perhaps the fastest in the league and has a good chance to carry off the championship of the county. Some of the more promising candidates will be retained as substitutes.



Ye Poll Parrot

Miss Kennedy—Did you have much trouble with your French?

J. Aaronson—No, but the Parisiens d'd.

"You two will remain here," directed the lieutenant. "We have reason to believe this trench is mined. If there is an explosion you will blow a whistle."

"Yessir," agreed the down trodden buck. "Do we blow it going up or coming down." *American Legion Weekly.*

Compliments of Pittsfield Lawyers

Cassidy & Cassidy
J. M. McMahon
Hibbard & Hibbard
Goewey & Bunnell
Cummings & Rosenthal

Mr. Sylvester in Trig (talking to and at random)—xx—! ? Q. E. D. and more.
Billy Leonard (awaking from football dream)—Signals over!

I advocate a special column in the "pen" devoted to the sole purpose of "Getting Back" at some of those teachers who spring that old time stuff on us. It's necessity, sez I.

J. T. Waldron.

There was a young theologian named Fiddle
Who refused to accept his degree.
"It's bad enough," he said to be a Fiddle
Without being a Fiddle D. D.

Hostess—Will you take Miss Jones home, Reggie?

Reggie—Sorry ma'am, I live in a dorm.

Just a Few Reasons

why our bread has the sweetness, freshness, wholesomeness of home-made bread.

We claim that the best of everything is none too good and never use substitutes.

We use a formula that assures the top-notch of bread goodness.

That is why "Correale's" bread is as tasty as mother "ever" baked.



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BUTLER
The GROCER
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Mr. Keaney (having just completed a discussion on plane mirrors trying to put one over on Pat Leahy)—*Mr. Leahy*, you ought to know something about this; you part your hair in the middle, what do you use?

Pat—A brush and comb.

F. Wilbur—In front of Bridge Lunch. This is the place for us.

Footie—But I'm not hungry.

Wilbur—I know but our hats are getting shabby again.

Miss Day—*Kallman*, give me what you would call a good sentence.

Kallman—Twenty years, ma'am.

Mary Grogan (to floorwalker)—Are there any special sales or demonstrations today?

Floorwalker—Yes, we're having a sale on bathtubs, but no demonstration.



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Tailor to Alice Flynn—Do you want a belt in the waist?

Alice Flynn, horrified—Sir!

C. K. Shipton (to *Wasson* who is smoking)—Son, do you know where little boys who smoke go?

Wasson—Sure, up the alley.

In the south if you call a man a liar, he'll shoot you, in the west, he'll knock you down, in the north he'll return the compliment with variations, and in the east he'll bet you a quarter you can't prove it.

Florence Merriam after a recent football game approached Alex Milne and said, "What was the score, Alex?" Alex replied, "Nothing to nothing." "Oh, is that so," remarked Florence, "Who won?"

Freshie—Have you "Lambs Tales?"

Bright Senior—No, but you might try the meat market. *The Piper*.

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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Archie Morin returned home from school one day with strong evidences of having had a disagreement with one of his companions. His mother said to him, "Archie, why have you been fighting?"

"To keep a good little boy from being licked," replied Archie brightly.

"Ah, I knew my son wouldn't fight without a good reason. And who was the little boy?" questioned Mrs. Morin beaming upon her offspring.

"Me!" Archie answered promptly.

Senior—Oh, did you see that boy smile at me.

Her sarcastic companion—That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed.

Mr. Brierly—If I were going to sue Miss Clark what would you call me?"

Horealle—A suitor.

C. Chown—I think there is going to be a change in the weather.

Anna—How do you know?

C. Chown (putting hand in pocket)—I can feel the change in my pocket.

John—I'm surprised Smith didn't pay you what he owed you. I thought the fellow had good points.

Jack—So have pins, yet they'll stick you.

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Here's to the Freshies so young and such dears.
They'll be coming in cradles in a couple of years.

The Southerner.

Jake Glovinski was crossing the Bridge on North Street the other day, when suddenly a middle-aged, red-faced lady bellowed at him. "Say, boy, does it make any difference which of those cars I take to get to the G. E.?"

"Not to me, ma'am," said the polite Jake, slipping down Eagle Street.

Billy Bridges was looking over the institution on Second St. Coming to a cell in which sat a gloomy looking Knight of the Road, William engaged that worthy in a little conversation. As he was leaving him, Billy feeling his incarceration must wear on the chap talked to him about reforming, going to work and becoming a better man. Said Billy, "Get busy, man, lose no time in turning to the paths of righteousness. Remember we are here to-day and gone tomorrow."

"Don't fool yourself, boy," said the Cavalier of the Ties, "I got ten months here yet." *American Legion Weekly.*

Employer—Will your last employer recommend you?

A. Milne—I don't know. I haven't worked for him yet.

American Legion Weekly.

Twenty-nine Answers

In one day from one little thirty-five-cent want advertisement inserted in the Eagle. That is not a record, far from it,

but, it does show how those little thirty-five-cent ads. in

THE EAGLE

are read.

Do you know of any other way to reach so many persons for thirty-five cents as this?

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Telephone -- 177-W

"Good Morning, Madam,"

said a young man with a bag of tools, "your husband sent me up to fix the radiators".

The housewife let him in; he started hammering the radiator and she went about her work.

After he left she discovered that most of the family plate had left with him.

Burglars are a clever lot—but a Travelers burglary policy will protect you against loss.

We will be glad to explain this contract.



Stevenson & Co.

24 NORTH ST.

Compliments of

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Papa, in slippers and winter issue nightie—Why are these lights turned off?
Voice from Stygian—Jack's helping me study my history, father.
Father, not satisfied—Mean to tell me that you and that microbe are studying history in the dark?

Some uncertain—Y-es, father, Dark Ages.

Lill—I read a great deal about the Great American Desert. What is it?

Bessie—Why, I believe the Great American dessert is prunes.

Can any one tell Mr. Ford's history class 26 where goldfish come from? The majority of the class has the idea that they are found in gold mines.

IF we can serve you in any financial matter be sure to let us know.

Sincerely yours,

BERKSHIRE LOAN & TRUST CO.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Mr. Ford (in Civics class)—Charlotte Guerdan, can you tell me where rice is grown in the United States?

Charlotte Guerdan (very readily)—China!

Sadye Martin (in Civics class)—Mr. Ford; I read in the paper last night that France may cut her army in half. Well, if she does that, what will she do with the other half?

Charlotte Guerdan (transcribing shorthand notes)—We will forward the goods P. K. as soon as possible.

The Young Genius

Mrs. Leahy—"John, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?"

John—"I guess it's just a gift, mother."—*Life*.

Motorists' Mother Goose

Tacks and broken bottles,
Scattered here and there,
Cause the Ten Commandments
To bust beyond repair.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Geo. H. Cooper

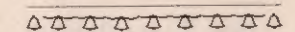
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Unintentional Humor

"Bob" Parker (after repeated failure)—"Funny game, golf."

Caddie—" 'Tain't meant to be."—*Punch* (London).

Harry Baker—"Which of the parables do you like best?"

Morton White—"The one where somebody loafes and fishes."—*The Q.*

Mrs. Bennett to Mary O'Brien—"Name the colonies."

M. O'B.—"Shall I name them in order or shall I skip around?"

Mrs. B.—"No, you'd better stand still."—*The Q.*

Insulted Maiden—"Oh, sir, help catch that man—he tried to kiss me."

Bill Dunn—the genial cop—"That's all right—ther'll be another along in a minute."—*Purple Cow.*

Mr. Russell—"Trace the course of the rain-water which fell last Saturday."

Frosh—"Most of it went into our cellar!"

Mr. C. (sternly)—"Where were you last night?"

W. Colton—"Oh, just riding around with the boys."

Mr. C.—"Well, tell them not to leave their hair pins in the car."—*Crimson and White.*

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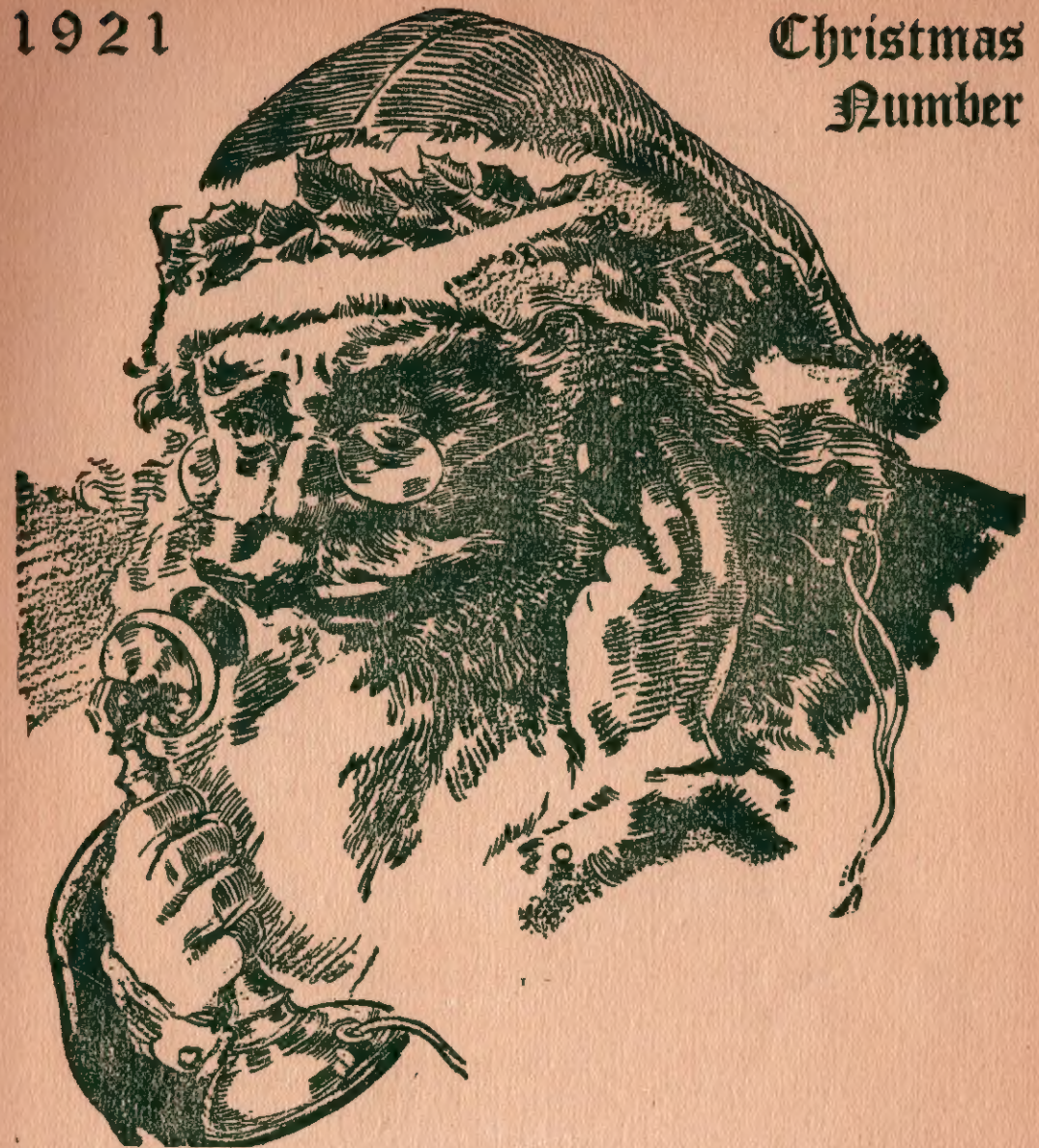
Our customers have no steps to retrace, because we have always tried to show that the best policy is to buy goods for what they are—not what they seem.



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*The
Student's
Pen*

Pittsfield High School